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T H E
PRINCESS of ZANFARA;
A *K*
D R A M A T I C P O E M.

To yāg n̄ yāg n̄ yāg n̄.

ARATUS.



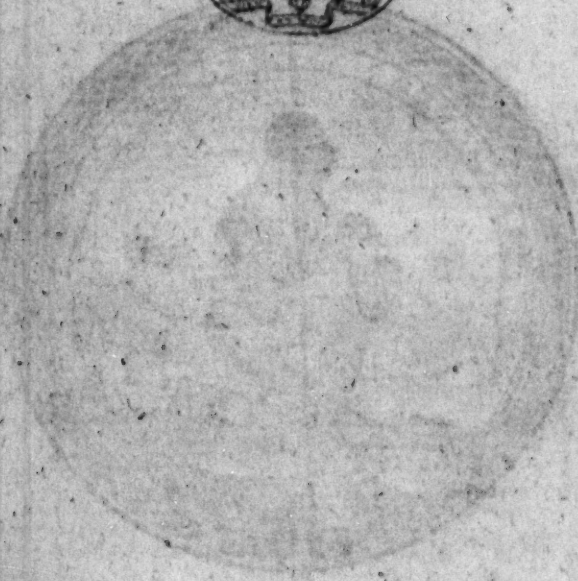
L O N D O N :

Printed for Mess. WILKIE, St Paul's Church-Yard,

MDCCLXXXIX.

PAINTERS & NAVY

OF THE ROYAL NAVY



T O
T H E S O C I E T Y,
I N S T I T U T E D I N T H E Y E A R 1787,
F O R T H E P U R P O S E O F
E F F E C T I N G A N A B O L I T I O N
O F T H E
S L A V E T R A D E,

T H I S S M A L L T R I B U T E I S
M O S T R E S P E C T F U L L Y I N S C R I B E D,

B Y

The Editor.

1840

THE SOCIETY

INSTITUTED IN THE YEAR 1787

FOR THE PROMOTION OF
THE STUDY OF
THE HISTORY OF
THE
BRITISH MUSEUM



AND THE
SOCIETY OF
THE
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The Editor

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MANZARA,	Prince of Cassana.
JEROME,	Governor of a Province in America.
HORATIO,	} Planters.
MARTINO,	
PEMBROKE,	A Trader.
ANTONIO,	Supercargo in a Vessel trading with Slaves.
CALABAN,	Commander of the Vessel.
ZANGÆ,	Freedman of JEROME.
	Counsellors of State.
	Slaves, Sailors and Attendants.
JAQUEENA,	Princess of Zanfara, who in Captivi- ty takes the Name of LAURA.
TERESA,	The Governor's Lady.
AMELIA,	The Governor's Daughter.

SCENE in AMERICA.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER I

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
were first discovered by Christopher Columbus
in the year 1492. At that time they were
inhabited by a number of different
tribes of Indians. The first European
settlement was made by the Spaniards
in the year 1565. The first English
settlement was made by the Pilgrims
in the year 1620. The first American
Revolution was fought in the year 1776.
The first American President was
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T H E
PRINCESS of ZANFARA.
A C T I.

The curtain drawing up, discovers LAURA the female slave sitting by the side of a fountain in a Grove, adjoining to the Governor's Palace.

L A U R A.

YE warbling songsters of the vocal grove,
Why waste you thus your soothing melody?
Sweet bubbling fountains, wherefore mix your voice
With the soft murmurs of the sighing breeze?
Were ye not given to charm the ear of peace,
The fair associate of liberty?——
These unpropitious regions claim you not!
Haste to Zanfara, and the happy shades
That crown her river's banks and crowd her shores;
From whence you long, too long, have been estrang'd,
With your Jaqueena; whom alas! such dark
And dire mischance involves, that hitherto
Her weak and wandering hope no period sees,
But in the arms of death!——

A M E L I A *enters.*

——I seek my maid
With anxious steps, and still some solemn scene
Invites her melancholy stay, and owns
Her tears; shall not Amelia partake
Your woes, and with her love alleviate
The griefs that rend dear Laura's tender heart?

L A U R A.

If kind Amelia was not made so fair,
If she was not of Christian principles,
I might be led to trust her female heart
Possess'd compassion; but the frozen hue

That nature plants upon her outward form,
And what prescribes the maxims of her breast,
Make me at once to tremble and distrust :
And poor Jaqueena lives without a friend!

A M E L I A.

My Laura's sweet benevolence of heart,
And the intelligence that forms her mind,
Should lift her far above such prejudice :
Or fair or dusk the hue that climate gives,
The blood that warms the veins with streams of life,
In both the same, with equal passion fires
The soul, with equal ardour in the sacred cause
Of honour beats, and forms the heart for love.

L A U R A.

There is such soft delusion in your words,
(And what we wish we readiest believe)
I almost am persuaded in my mind,
Amelia holds a sister heart to mine,
But your stern deity still looks unmov'd
On massacre and blood, on slavery
And woe, avenging not—alas! I sink
Under the horror of his devotees.

A M E L I A.

The time will come, my Laura, when you'll know
The wretches, who commit such dreadful crimes,
Are not of the religion you accuse.

L A U R A.

Were they not Christians that on Niger's flood,
On board their dreadful bark, receiv'd the lost
Jaqueena? (for the name of Laura bears
The badge of slavery, and my reproach.)
Are they not Christians, who, in all this land,
Make the poor Africans perform the task
Of beasts; not barely to sustain the toil,
But to endure the torture; and with stripes,
With nakedness and hunger, to lie down,
Stall'd worse than beasts, to rankle in their sores?

A M E L I A.

This is too much, sweet Laura; thus with tears,
See me lament my country's hapless crimes;

And the vile prejudice which clogs the wheel
Of partial justice.——

L A U R A.

——Can a slave then hope
For your humanity?——for tho' the blood
Is of one dye, without congenial suns
It ripens not, nor meliorates to love.
Yet will I not forget your bounteous gifts,
For Africans know not ingratitude!
I am a slave, not knowing bondage here,
But in detention from my native land;
For my kind mistress, as Amelia kind,
Nor gives me chains nor stripes, nor wears a frown.
There are some Christians of a milder soul,
And such poor Laura happily protect;
For if Amelia calls me by that name,
Its terrors cease, tho' it still comprehends
The tenor of my fortune.——

A M E L I A.

——Whilst your mind
Seems thus imprest with favourable thoughts,
And you confess Amelia's not severe,
Trust to my ear the story of your life,
And make me more your friend by sorrowing more,
By mingling mutual griefs with Laura's tears.

L A U R A.

A soothing melancholy still succeeds
The repetition of each solemn tale,
Misfortune has to tell.—In silence, grief
Preys most upon the soul; from sympathy,
From soft compassion of our sorrowings,
A sweet alleviation gently breathes.
Not of inferior race, my father rul'd
A province of the realm of Benin.—
Oft approbation shone upon his eye,
Oft fond affection fill'd my mother's looks,
Whilst on their smiling progeny they gaz'd,
And call'd, and kiss'd their daughter, now your slave.

A M E L I A.

Predicting, in the fondness of their hopes,
Propitious fortunes to their darling child.

L A U R A.

Nor were their hopes mere shadows of the mind;
For with affection's tenderest concern
My steps were follow'd, and my looks pursu'd;
They rul'd another's fate:—with breasts of ice,
As barren as the snows they emulate,
You fair ones call such truths mere vanity;
The great Manzano kneel'd to win my heart:
What wretchedness is mine!—I lov'd the Prince,
Whom only death can to my love restore:
On his tremendous wing he'll bear me hence,
And to Zanfara waft this spirit safe,
Superior to the frauds of cruel men.

A M E L I A.

Some better lot, sweet Laura, may betide.

L A U R A.

Hope has departed hence, and left my soul
To follow after, when all earthly griefs
Are dissipated by the hand of death.
It soothes the sorrows of my wretched mind,
To grave the rock with piteous characters,
(Points to the rock.)

That move the fountain's never-ceasing tears,
To weep for ever o'er Manzano's name;
Whilst gentle spirits in the sighing winds,
On the sad sculptures mourn, that memorize
My mother and my brothers.—

A M E L I A.

—What of them?

L A U R A.

Within the forest's skirts our tents were pitch'd,
For more commodious hunting; far advanc'd
The men were on the chase; when we, who held
The little camp, were taken prisoners:
A horrid tribe of robbers, then in league
With Europeans, trading to our states,
Had stolen upon our unsuspecting guards.

A M E L I A.

Of what complexion, of what country born,
Were those base violators of the land?

L A U R A.

The cruel leaders were of British birth,
The rest of Africa; but long possess'd
By the fell demons of Europa's shores,
They, to recruit the heart for wickedness,
Imbibe infernal furies in their drink,
From deepest hell by chymic magic rais'd,
That drive the brain to madness, and impel
The hand to deeds of darkness.—

A M E L I A.

—What ensued?

L A U R A.

Our men were bound in fetters, neck to neck,
And hand to hand, and we their woeful steps
Must needs pursue:—when, frantic with her grief,
My mother seiz'd a javelin for revenge,
And by her angry arm one chieftain fell:
But anger and resistance were in vain!
She dy'd beneath a thousand dreadful wounds;
Whilst to her bleeding bosom, grasping close,
In agonies of death, her youngest son,
A cruel lance transfix'd both breasts at once;
And as the boy hung writhing on the shaft,
The wretches made diversion of his pangs.

A M E L I A.

O Britain! where's thy boasted excellence?
Thy fame, that sounds on every peopled shore?
Thy vaunted jurisprudence, and thy love
Of liberty?—

L A U R A.

—I then conceiv'd no thought
Of what might follow, what should be our fate;
But in immediate sorrows my sad mind
Was all absorb'd.—We were receiv'd on board
A vessel, crowded with a wretched race:
Description finds no language to express
The horrors of the voyage.—The hand of fate

Releas'd a multitude!—within these arms
My other brother dy'd; and I'm forlorn!

AMELIA.

My soul is full of grief; and yet a ray
Of hope divine, like some prophetic light,
By influence of guardian angel given,
Takes hold upon my mind. —But we're observ'd;
You must avoid the person that draws near;
Retire, and spare your grief; the tale he brings
Would much increase your tears.——*Ex. Laura.*

AMELIA *alone.*

——I feel my heart

Renounce Antonio!—his hateful trade
Imbitters every thought of intercourse.
Habituated to subdue the force
Of his humanity, what can remain
Within the breast of man that offers fruits
For nuptial happiness?——

ANTONIO *enters.*

——To meet you thus,

Is most propitious to my anxious hopes:
My voyage perform'd, with many healthy slaves
I now return, to claim your faithful vows;
And if the market proves of advanc'd price,
My fortune's made, and you alone command
My future life.——

AMELIA.

——I know not what it means,
Some secret intimation moves my mind,
That no felicity can e'er attend
Riches obtain'd by such inhuman ways.

ANTONIO.

Are these untoward sentiments conceiv'd
From Laura's guileful tears and whining tales?
Can my Amelia estrange her mind
From reason, and her proper judgment yield
To errors, which prevail alone through fraud?

AMELIA.

There's more than fraud, more than invention fills
The story of that hapless virgin's fate.

ANTONIO.

What inhumanity disturbs your thoughts?
 The navigator is not culpable;
 He takes the common traffic of the land,
 And by his toil brings riches to the state;
 The police of the nations there is such,
 Like other animals, the herdsman sells
 The Negro drove.——

AMELIA.

——I tremble at the thought!
 They that promote the sin, partake the crime.

ANTONIO.

Inferior in creation, tho' in form
 Of human kind;—each race of animals
 Knows its gradations;—and from perfect man,
 The Negro tribe is intermediate;
 It links the series, that straight descend
 Into the monkey line.——

AMELIA.

——If you would save
 My mind from detestation, treat not thus
 A subject, over which my labouring soul
 Endures acutest pangs; if you would win
 My better sentiments, this traffic leave;
 The generous association join,
 Who labour in humanity's great cause,
 With holy zeal, to gain abolishment
 Of your infernal merchandize.——

ANTONIO.

My heart,
 Already your's, your dictates must pursue.

AMELIA.

'Tis well, Antonio, and my confidence
 Renews: my Laura's sorrows fill my mind;
 I must procure the maid her liberty.

ANTONIO.

And when obtain'd, what prospect will ensue?
 Where are the means of giving happiness?
 You'll only send her forth to meagre want,

And in a foreign land, a vagabond,
Expose her to a thousand miseries.

A M E L I A.

She must return to Africa again,
Her country, and her friends.—

A N T O N I O.

——Romantic thought!

The wand'ring tribe she left, perhaps dispers'd,
The government dissolv'd, new tyrants reign;
And warfare, the rough habit of their lives,
With chequer'd fortunes marks each petty Prince,
Now reigning, now in chains,—on Afric's coast,
To greater perils, greater woes expos'd;
There's not a slave that in this province toils,
But, if return'd, would worship the dire name
Of slavery, that makes them tremble now.

A M E L I A.

Your arguments enlarge the dreadful bounds
Of that vast sin which on your traffic rests;
If restitution is impossible,
The base captivity, (that thus cuts off
All human hope, and no kind limit yields
To the sad injury, but in the tomb,)
Of all the crimes on earth, becomes the worst:
My weary mind now finds no resting-place,

A N T O N I O.

Even the servitude in which they sigh,
Affords superior happiness and ease
To what their birthright gave——

A M E L I A.

——Desist, desist,

I'll hear no more.—'Tis in the human mind
The various estimates of happiness
Are rang'd, whilst free and voluntary will
Directs the choice.—It is not luxury,
With all its artificial wants and woes,
That points out the criterion to mankind:
It is not circumstance, prescrib'd and bound
Within the limits of necessity,

(For that's a term mere fashion has assum'd)
 That points where Happiness shall stay her foot:
 'Tis habit that prepares the mind for ease;
 And knowing no restraint, contentment gives
 The various types that various nations hold,
 Whence to characterise the heavenly gift,
 Each calls felicity.—The human soul
 Finds liberty so innate, through the world
 The love of it prevails.—See, Pembroke comes,
 Humanity's fast friend.——

ANTONIO

——Hypocrisy's

Own son.——

PEMBROKE enters.

——Disgrace pursues disgrace!
 America stands blighted in her fame!
 How are the annals of her glory stain'd!

AMELIA.

What new occasion wounds your gracious mind?

PEMBROKE.

Still here we hold the mart of human kind,
 New cargoes crowd our shores, and on the beach
 The squalid multitudes are pouring forth,
 From over-loaded ships, which, like the curse
 Of vile Pandora's box, bring forth disease,
 With misery, and pallid want,
 Crippled and maim'd, whose ulcerating sores
 Cling to the canker'd chains, that rankle deep,
 And seek the bone.——

ANTONIO.

——Exists there not a law
 Which should restrain such mischief-working tongues,
 As hurt the merchant's credit and his wares?
 Thy phrase is false; the slaves are healthy, young,
 And vigorous.——

PEMBROKE.

——Then be it so.—The world,
 With anxious eye, regarded ev'ry step
 That led the revolution to effect,

And made us independent.—Wond'ring states
Beheld our strength :—Our public virtue shone
With a meridian lustre, that amaz'd
'The nations who submit to monarchy,
And heaven stood influenc'd, propitious stood,
And look'd approving on the energy
That in the sacred cause of liberty,
In ev'ry prayer we breath'd, in every step
Maintain'd, that brought fruition to our hopes.

A M E L I A.

How has our country forfeited its fame?

P E M B R O K E.

In Britain, which we did calumniate
With charge of tyranny and power usurp'd,
The flame, humanity's most holy flame,
Breaks forth illustrious ; all the people burn
With sense of liberty : they boasted not !
And the poor African the object grows
Of their wise councils, and their sov'reign's care :
Whilst we, who mocked God with impious prayer,
Mock'd the surrounding world with fallacy,
Assum'd a character we could not prove ;
Now sever'd—now alien'd—and left alone,
Pull off the mask, and vote an impious law,
Restraining liberty for twenty years.

A M E L I A.

—Astonishing !—

A N T O N I O.

—Firm sinews to bestow
To trade,—the strength of nations.—

P E M B R O K E.

—Public faith
Alone supports a people's strength.—In fraud
And treachery few momentary smiles
Of fortune fall ; but probity affords
Stability and honour to a state.
What's the idea to the labouring wretch,
That twenty toilsome years may terminate
His grievous task ?—a space of sullen time,

That much exceeds their ordinary stage
Of life.——

ANTONIO.

——The legislature wisely saw
Inevitable ruin must succeed,
If instantly we should emancipate
And trust to hirelings.—Such excessive change
In dire confusion would involve the land;
What mode of government could e'er restrain
The slaves discharg'd and set at liberty?
That mighty work must by progression move,
And into habit grow by slow degrees;
Experience of clemency and laws,
That mutual safety yield, must tame
The savage's ferocious habit first,
And fit him for subordination.——

PEMBROKE.

——This day
The council sits:—On their opinion hangs
The fate of thousands:—If yet adverse Time
His wither'd hand extends against the steps
Of liberty, a stigma he implants,
Which all his smiles, for ages, won't erase:
The issue I expect impatiently. *Exit.*

ANTONIO.

Are you deceiv'd, Amelia, by such phrase?
Whilst honesty, with open countenance,
Is rash perhaps, and speaks too much of truth,
Despising subtlety:—For that man's god
Is avarice:—He'd suit the Japanese,
And on the Christian's ensign trade and traffic.

AMELIA.

Your mind is heated, and resentment prompts
The character you draw——

ANTONIO.

——We soon may prove
His public virtue, when his interest
Is fairly recogniz'd:—for me, I own
The trade has much of bitterness and woe:

Command me in your Laura's interest;
But first provide her some establishment,
To bless and crown with liberty.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Scene, a Plantation and Slaves at Work.

The stage being extended, sundry persons are seen performing the various labours of slaves; the back scene continuing the representation.

CALABAN and HORATIO.

CALABAN.

THIS was a glorious voyage!—The sturdy knaves
Are fit for any labour, and we bring
Full fifteen hundred safely to the port.

HORATIO.

What province are they of?—For much depends
Upon the breed; some of the upland slaves,
That border on the desert, are of mind
So dark and so indocile, that they seem
Of one gradation only above brutes;
Those of more eastern clime are indolent,
(As bears are sluggish, and not mov'd by stripes,)
They'll neither serve the mill nor till the ground.

CALABAN.

Well, master, mine are of the fav'rite breed;
Twice ten degrees remov'd from the baboon;
Their form is human, and they're almost men:
Boney and strong, of countenance acute,
And as hyænas savage:—they're the slaves
For labour; as the mind is fierce and quick,
Their bodies in proportion active are;

On mountains skirts and wilds of Zara bred,
The topsmen drove the herd to Niger's banks,
The mart of Africa.—

H O R A T I O.

—Five hundred males
I purchase at your price; but in the lot
I'll not receive that brute, that stands aloof,
And looks as if he held high estimate
Of his own consequence; a slave like him
Would soon create a mutiny, and stir
My whole plantation into plots and vile
Conspiracies.—

C A L A B A N.

—The creature's only mad,
Through separation from his concubines:
So the fierce bull would bellow and rebound,
When from the pasture driven that holds his kine:
Keep him but low in food, and hard at work,
And all those fiery sparks his nature holds,
Will in free perspiration dissipate.

Enter MARTINO and PEMBROKE.

P E M B R O K E.

Dost thou, Martino, purchase any slaves?
Here is the carcase-man.—

C A L A B A N.

—And thou the knave
That would destroy thy country by thy wiles;
For if the council, mov'd by such men's cries,
Should pass the curs'd emancipation vote,
The envious Britons, who could not subdue,
Will triumph in the ruin, treachery
Can soon effect, by wretches such as thee.

P E M B R O K E *to* MARTINO.

Some caution should be held, for much depends
Upon the cause now agitating.—

M A R T I N O.

And not a little on the market too.

C A L A B A N.

You purchase not, and therefore shall not prate,
To hinder the fair trader in his sale.

P E M B R O K E.

Ruffian, retire, and know thy province here;
 Send forth thy factor, for to him belongs
 This duty; and for thee, associate
 With fellows of thy proper element,
 Or to the magistrates I'll make complaint:

C A L A B A N.

Thy phrase is mighty, tho' thy figure's meek.

A N T O N I O *enters.*

M A R T I N O.

The factor comes, and after him a few,
 By way of sample, of the fittest slaves.

A N T O N I O.

Not so; these only bring some stores on shore,
 The rest, refreshing on the beach, will wait
 To morrow's noon, when they will be expos'd.
*Several slaves enter staggering under excessive burthens,
 weak and emaciated with their voyage: after them, one
 who refuses any labour. As he enters and looks upon the
 scene where the slaves are at work, he starts.*

M O O R.

Ah! horrid spectacle of misery
 And foul disgrace!—Are these thy wretched sons,
 Long suffering Afric?—These of thy race
 Of mighty men, whose hardy sinews draw
 The sounding bow, and launch the javelin
 With mortal strength?—Who, destitute of fear,
 Contend with hungry lions for their prey,
 And grapple with the tiger in his rage?
 Are ye so tame!—

A N T O N I O.

—Consider what's your lot,
 And merit clemency.—

M O O R.

—Canst thou persuade
 The raging winds to soften to thy will,
 And whistle in thine ear?—Or dost thou know
 How to appease the deep Atlantic's voice,
 When tempests howl on Gambia's estuary?

If thou hast magic in thee to do these,
Then thou may'st smooth the temper of my soul.

CALABAN.

Bravo, my gallant blade, spoke like thyself!

MOOR.

Was this the land where that celestial drug,
That cures a thousand evils of the mind,
Was planted by the seraphs of the sun,
And by fair daughters of the silent moon
Water'd with dew of heaven, here I might find
The godlike gift of liberty; perhaps
In its vicinity doth justice grow;
Of these I'd mix a potion should disgorge
The monsters of the deep.—

ANTONIO.

—To merit such

You must be peaceable, and to the state
Obedient.—

MOOR.

—Away—revile me not;—

Compassionate my fortune, not contemn
My impotence!—behold these shameful chains;
Are they not peaceable! are not these hands
Submissive?—and this neck obedient?
This is not worthy thy more feeling heart!
Yet to my strength what would these bonds avail,
If an exertion could improve my lot?

PEMBROKE.

Thy moderation merits our esteem;
If ought of justice thou hast here to claim,
Our governor and council daily sit
Within the public hall, dispensing there
Impartially.—

MOOR.

—I mark thee wond'rous well;

And if the spirits of my ancestors
Have not forsaken me, or lost their course
O'er the wide desert of the dreary main,
Perhaps the deity which we adore

C

Will not forget me in a foreign land;
 For they, retaining much of amity,
 Will whisper in his ear,—“ The African’s
 “ In chains.”

CALABAN.

He raves, and, with his fortune mad,
 He knows not what he says.—

MOOR.

—Too true, alas!

Mad with my injuries, and scoff’d at too:
 As stubble to the lightning, I could shake
 These links to atoms, that my vengeful eyes
 Might see thy heart’s blood spout; but that my views
 Are larger, and this friend to human kind
 Has breath’d into my soul a nobler hope,
 And made me dream of justice.—

CALABAN.

—And thy dream

Will, like the vision of the rolling cloud,
 Dissolve, and only mock thy sickly brain:
 Return,—and at the lodge where thou art stall’d
 Wait for to-morrow’s market.—

PEMBROKE.

—If he craves

A hearing for redress of injury,
 I will protect the man, and pledge his price.

CALABAN.

Dost thou encourage mutiny?—

PEMBROKE.

—No more

Than I do villains.—

ANTONIO.

—This poor slave behav’d

With much discretion in the tedious voyage,
 And seem’d above his fortune, save when sighs—
 Would sometimes heave his breast, or tears would fall.

MOOR.

Antonio was compassionate:—Were I
 In Africa, I would not blush to say
 What my heart feels.—

C A L A B A N.

——Dost thou depart with me,
Or in this new-form'd friendship shelter seek?

M O O R.

I crave to stand before the governor,
And claim the benefit of those good laws
That even comprehend a Negro's wrongs.

C A L A B A N.

There is no law that can discharge a slave:
Here slaves are property.——

P E M B R O K E.

——Can you inform
Whether by purchase he obtain'd this man?

A N T O N I O.

Not being of my lot, I'm ignorant.

M O O R.

Such the peculiar hardship of my fate!
But if my property may be restor'd,
Intelligence will follow.——

C A L A B A N.

——He appeals,
And I reserve my evidence to check
His subtleties.—He's been some pagan priest,
Or one in magic ministering to hell,
And thence derives his sophistry and spells. *Exit Cal.*

P E M B R O K E.

Before the council, what of evidence
Canst thou produce?——

M O O R.

——The evidence of right,
Which is the most acceptable to heaven.

P E M B R O K E.

What witnesses?——

M O O R.

——E'en none.——

P E M B R O K E.

——How then prevail?

M O O R.

By argument, and influence of truth.

THE PRINCESS

A N T O N I O.

What are the objects that the slave pursues?

M O O R.

Many and various are my mind's desires,
 As my dire injuries are multiply'd.
 First, I would move the council to restore
 Those things which were about my person borne
 When I was made a captive.—

A N T O N I O.

—Now retain'd

By Calaban?—

M O O R.

—Important in my cause.

A N T O N I O.

But you had arms.—

M O O R.

—Should they be deny'd,

Yet brought before the council, those true marks
 Which still contain my evidence they'll bear,
 And not an African, from Niger's source
 To Gambia's gulph, but knows their signatures.

A N T O N I O.

If that be all you seek, command my voice.

M O O R.

Oh that Antonio was an African!

The measure's now resolv'd, pursue the way,
 Impatience raises tumults in my breast.

*As they pass through the scene, the Moor stands to gaze on
 the sculptures upon the rock.*

When first I trod this shore, I thought my steps
 Were planted in the regions of the fiends,
 Those evil genii that haunt the ways
 Of Afric's wretched sons with sad mishap:
 But—ah!—astonishment!

A N T O N I O.

—What is't you read?

M O O R.

Pierc'd on this rock are characters obscure,
 In divination cast; an horoscope,

In which I find myself involv'd.—Who cut
The mystic line, and carv'd the prophecy,
Remains untold.—

P E M B R O K E.

——The hieroglyphics these? (*Pointing to the rock.*)

A N T O N I O.

Decypher them.—

M O O R.

——'Tis more than I may do;
The same angelic hand that here engrav'd
The sacred emblems hovers in the clouds
And leaves me not. (*kneels.*) “O thou mysterious light!
“Essence divine! incomprehensible!
“Who out of darkness brings forth mighty deeds,
“And didst of nothing form all Africa!
“Still imperceptible, but in thy works,
“Let thy blest spirit lift thy servant up
“From this adversity.” (*rises.*) My soul's refresh'd.

P E M B R O K E.

Thy zeal has touch'd my spirit.—

A N T O N I O.

——Oh! my God,
What is't we do! what right can we assume
To bring into vile bondage, men like this,
Who serve thee, tho' in darkness!—— (*aside.*)

P E M B R O K E.

Describe what moves thee thus.—

M O O R.

——I know the hand
That grav'd that character must be divine;
The fountain nymph invoking to her tears
It gives a name, a fav'rite female name,
Dear to my memory; so totally
Unknown beyond the vast Atlantic's bounds,
Which severs this your nether world from ours,
That nothing but some holy angel's arm
Could reach the mighty distance; one whose grasp
Embraces all the earth.—

A N T O N I O.

——'Tis wonderful!

THE PRINCESS

M O O R.

The rest is more obscure: petitioning
 For pity from the spirits of the air,
 Groans are expir'd, for some catastrophe
 In which a mother with her infants fell:
 My soul sustains such dreadful agony,
 Such secret sorrows wrestle at my heart,
 I cannot utter more.—To kneel—to weep—
 To worship—to expire—is all that's left
 The wretched African.—

P E M B R O K E.

Thou wound'st our hearts
 With sorrow!—

A N T O N I O.

—Anguish not to be endur'd!
 Why was I privy to such impious deeds? (*aside.*)

M O O R.

I am unman'd!—I lose my pious hope,
 My holy confidence! yet he is not alone,
 Not desolate, forsaken, that has friends
 In heaven!—Why do I linger then behind!
 Bereft of all that life could give!—Oh Africa!
 What is there left thus to suspend my soul!

A N T O N I O.

Why do we not proceed?

M O O R.

—Grief's tempest raves
 Within my heart, and sorrows are renew'd;
 My adverse fortune did not promise this,
 That in the land of bondage I should meet
 With traces, mournful traces, of the source
 Of ev'ry tear I shed, and all my woes!
 But hold—I'd read again.—A thought succeeds
 That blazes with delight!—Perhaps the hand
 Inscribing this, was her's!—Oh mighty powers!
 And who but she could tell the dreadful tale,
 Divine my fortune, and divulge her own?
 Do you not know who grav'd these characters?

P E M B R O K E.

They are of much antiquity, here plac'd
As evidence of compact and good faith
Between the natives who resign'd the soil
And British voyagers.—

M O O R.

—You greatly err,
The hieroglyphic's clearly African;
Now liberty has double charms in view!
And if the guardian spirits leave me not,
Perhaps this land, which terrible appear'd,
Dark and unhallow'd as captivity,
May yield me joys,—most precious joys of life!
And prove the scene of earthly extacy.

P E M B R O K E.

'Twere better to retire.—

M O O R.

—Despise me not
For these excessive contrasts of the mind!
I fly despair to snatch the hand of hope;
So ready is the human heart to seize
The image of its wishes, and to quit
The terror of its woes!—forgive me, friends!
From the idea which I last conceiv'd,
New prospects open to my fancy's eye,
The gloom breaks off, the vapour dissipates!

P E M B R O K E.

Let us avoid the curiosity
Of yonder females who observe our stay.

M O O R.

There's bounty in their looks, why should we fly?
As they depart the stage, TERESA and AMELIA enter.

T E R E S A.

With them Antonio!—

A M E L I A.

—And Pembroke too!

T E R E S A.

Who is that stately Moor we see attends?

A M E L I A.

I have not heard.—

THE PRINCESS

T E R E S A.

——As then we are alone,
Let me unbosom to Amelia
My anxious thoughts.——

A M E L I A.

——What cares can now possess
My gracious mother's breast?——

T E R E S A.

——Draw near, my child;
Hast thou observ'd in Laura's conduct aught
Of levity? and in unguarded hours,
Doth she reveal a habitude of mind
Which shews a vicious tendency?

A M E L I A.

——With me,
Perhaps reserv'd, she may restrain her thoughts,
And guard her conduct; but in virtue's cause
Few can display more excellence of mind,
In sentiments refin'd, and maxims pure;
And such a chastity her speech doth grace,
As would become the fairest Spanish dame.

T E R E S A.

Then all is well with thee!——

A M E L I A.

——The question's strange.

T E R E S A.

I must dissemble, and appear to throw
My vague suspicions on her lover's side. *(aside.)*

A M E L I A.

You muse, dear mother.——

T E R E S A.

——Yet I'm unresolv'd,
Whether 'twere better not to wound your mind
With mere suspicions, whilst no facts are found,
Or warn thee to beware.——

A M E L I A.

——Of what?—of whom?

T E R E S A.

Of Laura.——

A M E L I A.

—Would you then depreciate her
Who holds my good opinion,—or accuse
Some other?—

T E R E S A.

—Does Antonio never come
On frivolous pretence, and fondly prate,
Or waste in dalliance his idle hours,
To trifle with the slave?—

A M E L I A.

—You make me smile;
Leave me to manage with Antonio.
I cannot yield my mind to jealousy;
It would degrade my own fair consequence,
And so far lessen self-opinion too,
That I should blush to own it:—credit me,
The maiden's virtues to such shameful fraud
Are as superior as light to shade;
Ingratitude to her is yet unknown.

(Exit.)

T E R E S A.

She does not seem to apprehend my thoughts;
It cannot be the governor should stoop
So low in vice, as to debase my bed
With such intrigue!—But still suspicion lurks
Within my mind, and jealousy once known
Is hard to be eradicated thence;
Still feeding, like cameleons, on air,
Maintaining an existence vile.—

End of the SECOND ACT.

D

A C T III.

Scene, the Groves near the Governor's Palace.

Enter ANTONIO with the MOOR.

MOOR.

I Mark'd his countenance, and tho' there seem'd
A want of openness, simplicity,
The character of truth, stood in his looks:
His words were few, but pertinent and strong;
And thence persuaded into confidence,
I trusted one chief secret to his ear.

ANTONIO.

If nothing more was trusted, all is well.

MOOR.

You entertain some doubts.—

ANTONIO.

——Hypocrisy

Can mask the guileful measures of the heart
With fairest guise:—when he assumes too much,
He gives distrust:—no outward show's requir'd
By virtue.—Tho' the homely dress denies
The power of riches, avarice prevails,
Lucre of gold, and traffic is his God.

MOOR.

Ha!——

ANTONIO.

——Next of kin to griping avarice
Is fraud.——

MOOR.

Am I betray'd?—Has he deceiv'd?

ANTONIO.

Be not alarm'd; perhaps I doubt too much.

MOOR.

Attend,—are we perceiv'd?—can no one hear?
All's safe.—In infancy my father plac'd
His first-born son with a most holy seer,
The high-priest of the Gods, to educate
In all the sacred learning of the sage;

Who, having gift of prophecy, would oft
Gaze on my face with tears, and cast his signs,
To try if some good star might still prevail
Against predestin'd evils, which he saw
Wrote in the book of fate; from study deep
And science most divine, discovering
A favourable planet, he divulg'd
His thoughts.——

ANTONIO.

——I'm all attention.——

MOOR.

——“ Still the Gods

“ Are willing to preserve thee from the woes
“ 'That shall beset thy steps; in time to come,
“ (Nor distant far the years) captivity
“ Shall be thy wretched fate.—A charm I hold
“ Will from the misery of that estate
“ Have power to liberate thee, if apply'd
“ With wisdom.”——

ANTONIO.

——Strange anxiety pursues

Thy story.——

MOOR.

——Straight he bound my trembling limbs
Fast to the sacred altar, and my eyes
With mystic fillet clos'd; then on my thigh
Incision made, and introduc'd the charm,
Extorting vows, that, till occasion call'd,
It there should rest conceal'd; and if such ill
As was foretold might yet averted be
By pious works, or aid of powers above,
That to the grave the holy boon I'd bear,
Where he had plac'd it.——

ANTONIO.

——A prescience

Astonishing!——

MOOR.

——The dire event was come,
And now the time and due occasion call'd

For this important gift to make its way
To light, and give me liberty.—I told
The secret to my friend, to Pembroke told
What gift I held; and tho' he would deny
What superstition seem'd, he lent his hand,
And with a lancet brought a jewel forth
That would have ransom'd all the slaves you hold.

ANTONIO.

'Tis well I know the secret of this trust;
Perhaps he may prove faithful; but if not,
I am thy witness to confront his fraud;
So great a trust, for avarice to tempt,
Will prove his virtue to its very source.

MOOR.

You see what inadvertency pursu'd
The strange event;—for had I known what charm
The holy priest bestow'd, more privacy
Would have prevail'd:—but full of pious faith,
I thought I merely held some mystic gift
To influence the powers invisible.

ANTONIO.

To what intent was Pembroke then to hold
The gem?—

MOOR.

—To change it into ready gold,
Or borrow on its value what might serve
For my redemption, and supply the calls
Of other exigence.—

ANTONIO.

—The time draws near
When 'tis accustom'd that the council sits.

MOOR.

You'll be my friend?

ANTONIO.

—Depend upon my word.

MOOR.

Whilst I look after Pembroke, should you meet,
Use the intelligence as may seem best.

A N T O N I O.

I'll see you at the hall——— (Exit Moor.)

———A second claim

Calls forth humanity.—The subtle knave!
Should he betray the injur'd Moor in this,
The act would prove of greater cruelty
Than bondage. (Exit.)

The scene changes to the Governor's garden.

L A U R A enters alone.

L A U R A.

How fruitless are our hopes!—my troubled heart
Some gleams of consolation entertain'd
To soothe this gloomy lot of adverse life,
In the attention and the gracious smiles
Teresa shew'd her slave: but now, alas!
Without offence, unconscious of the cause,
I meet her frown austere, and angry pride
Sits low'ring on her brow.——

J E R O M E enters.

——Still sunk in grief!

In all her woe there's such a dignity,
Such unfeign'd virtue shines from out her mind,
As testifies superior sentiment. (aside)
Where haste you, Laura?

L A U R A.

——That I may, my lord,

Not interrupt your privacy.——

J E R O M E.

——Stay, stay!

For I would speak to thee, would dry those tears,
And cheer thy mind from its anxieties.

L A U R A.

Permit me to retire.——

J E R O M E.

——Not with such speed.

L A U R A.

It is not meet I talk here with my lord.

J E R O M E.

I wish to ask thee if thy gentle heart
Has ever known the tender force of love?

THE PRINCESS

L A U R A.

Spare my confusion.

J E R O M E.

——Ever known the pain
Of cold indifference from one belov'd?

L A U R A.

My lord!

J E R O M E.

The pangs of deep despondency,
The anxious hope, and the impatient wish?

L A U R A.

I tremble at your looks!—desist, my lord.

J E R O M E.

Fever'd desire, and tender languishment?

L A U R A.

Nay hold me not.——

J E R O M E.

——But I will press thee thus,
And whisper in thine ear my heart's fond tale.

L A U R A.

Spare me, my lord, spare your poor abject slave.

J E R O M E.

I would not injure thee.——

L A U R A.

——Then let me pass.

J E R O M E.

No, I must plant upon those velvet lips
Ten thousand kisses.——

L A U R A.

——Am I not your slave?
Is yet my dreadful ruin incomplete,
Whilst I retain one gift deriv'd of Heaven,
My virtue?——

J E R O M E.

——Banish all thy fears, sweet maid;
I will not rob thee.——

L A U R A.

——That is gracious!

JEROME.

But I would take what gentle Laura's love
Would gen'rously dispose.—

LAURA.

——Alas! my lord,

If I possess'd such quality of mind
As might your pity still have merited,
It was my hatred of vile perfidy,
My firm integrity, my steady truth,
And yet unblotted fame.

JEROME.

——All these I love,

Nor would I tempt thee into perfidy,
But have thee true as magnet to the pole.

LAURA.

Then think of your Teresa, sacred name
Of wedded love.—

JEROME.

——Thy fair integrity

I would not stain, nor virtue would seduce,
But try t'engage them both on my behalf.

LAURA.

And break them with Amelia?—

JEROME.

——Thy truth

I wish to center on our mutual love.

LAURA.

Forfaking vows which Heaven has long since heard,
And on the tablet of the great Supreme
Written in characters emboss'd with stars!

JEROME.

Then thou hast lov'd?—

LAURA.

——And mourn it in despair.

JEROME.

And dost thou talk of virtue?—Afric's maids
Are not so coy.—

LAURA.

——Disgrace not your great mind
With sentiments so far beneath the cast

Of that high erudition you have known.
 In ev'ry clime fair virtue is the same;
 And tho' the vertic sun pours forth his beams
 Upon the eastern world, and whilst the frosts
 With torpid fetters bind the northern climes,
 Yet virtue has her sanctity in each:
 In each rever'd by Heaven, and priz'd on earth,
 Inestimable gift!—If pure is light,
 (God's emanation here)—if fair the moon,
 If bright the stars,—(those brilliant eyes of night)
 If heaven's blue vault's unspotted and serene,
 The great Supreme on purity must look
 With love divine.——

J E R O M E.

——To prate, to argue thus,
 Is to abuse the moment we possess:
 What I would win,—by force I might obtain;
 But I detest compulsion,—and will woo.

TERESA and AMELIA enter at a side-bower.——

T E R E S A.

You would divert my purpose, but behold,
 Are my suspicions vague?——

J E R O M E.

——If you will yield
 To my warm wishes, from this servitude
 To a far distant villa you shall move,
 And there enjoy your liberty.——

L A U R A.

——Point out,
 My lord, my tomb, and bring the poison'd bowl,
 Then giving me my choice, I'll bless your name.

J E R O M E.

You must, you shall comply:—my ardent love
 Is irresistible—and thus—— (*Laura struggles.*)

L A U R A.

——Stand off, (*drawing a dagger.*)
 I yet possess one guardian of my fame.

A M E L I A.

Witness her virtue, and compassionate
 Her sufferings.——

T E R E S A.

——— Shall we interfere,
And save her rashness?—See the impious wretch!
How mean is vice, how abject!—See, he kneels!

J E R O M E.

Stay thy rash hand, that threatens to destroy
Us both.———

L A U R A.

——— I will retire.—And tho' I know
This moment robs me of the hope of peace,
And mixes my sad lot with other slaves;
Yet with exulting soul I'll meet my fate,
Resign these useless ornaments, this garb,
To clasp within my arms the rags that cloath
The meanest wretch who in the mill-way works;
And an approving mind shall smoothe the task
Which honour hath impos'd.

J E R O M E.

——— It must not be;
Nay, I'll e'en constrain thee.———

L A U R A.

——— This weak hand,
Not rais'd against its master, holds enough
Of vigour to release me.———

She retires—whilst JEROME stands meditating.

A M E L I A.

——— Let us go,
'Twere better he should recollect himself:
We must not meet him now.

T E R E S A.

——— Not meet him, girl!
Yes, I will rouse him from his lethargy,
That he may not avail himself again,
And my attention wickedly divert
By vile insinuations, to the spoil
Of fairer characters.———

A M E L I A.

——— 'Tis as I thought!

TERESA *approaches* JEROME, *whilst he stands lost in reverie.*

TERESA.

Is this well done, my lord?—Doth this become
The mighty ruler of these provinces,
On whose example, and wise government
Depend a people's welfare?—

JEROME.

——You're in wrath.

TERESA.

Was it for this the nobles of my house
Gave you my hand?—And I could condescend
With a plebeian race to mix the blood
Of the illustrious name of Alicant.

JEROME.

For what, Teresa?—

TERESA.

——The indignity,

My eyes, my ears sustain'd, to see thee court
That odious wretch, and hear her high contempt
Of the vile bargain that thy lust would make,
To barter for her virtue.——

JEROME.

——So it befalls

Impertinent, base curiosity;
Its fingers in the mischief sure will soil
Wherewith it intermeddles.——

TERESA.

——Well, my lord!

JEROME.

It is not well; you should have seen much more
Ee'r you had charg'd me with the infamy
Your words express.——

TERESA.

——Effrontery as vile

As the debased habits of your heart.
Amelia!——

JEROME.

——Conspiracy like this

Denies all temperance:—to save my rage

Some dire and hasty act, I'll snatch myself
From the detested scene.—

(Exit.)

A M E L I A.

—As I much fear'd,
Sad sorrow must ensue.—

T E R E S A.

—My injures!

A M E L I A.

Patience, dear mother! yet no intercourse
Has taken place to your dishonour;—
And Laura is as chaste as light.—

T E R E S A.

—The slave
Must be dispos'd, nor longer here retain'd;
I hate the swarthy elf that could seduce
My husband's wishes from his lawful bed.

A M E L I A.

Alas! poor Laura!—What adversity,
What unprovok'd adversity, has fill'd
Thy miserable fortune!—Where,—to whom
Shall she be trusted, that her virtuous soul
May not be overwhelm'd in wretchedness?

T E R E S A.

She must depart this land, and that with speed,
Before the governor suspects my thoughts. (Exit.)

AMELIA, *crossing the stage*, meets ANTONIO.

A N T O N I O.

I am become your pious convert now,
And entertain a judgment that's so fix'd
Concerning those poor wretches we enslave,
That I have vow'd, no effort of my life
Shall be refus'd to remedy their ills.
Before the governor will soon be held
A bold appeal, by one whom we brought here;
Whose sentiments and soul are so sublime,
They touch'd me with compassion and surprize,

A M E L I A.

What is his claim?—

ANTONIO.

———His liberty:—but first
Certain insignia which he possess
When he was put on board; from thence, he says,
Will much intelligence be gain'd, of whom
And whence he is.———

AMELIA.

———I find within my heart
An interest arise:—Whose slave is he?

ANTONIO.

The captain's—and I should not wonder much
If some atrocious acts are brought to light
That hurt commercial faith in Africa,
And greatly add to detestation here.

AMELIA.

Thy friendship and compassion now I claim
For wretched Laura, whom misfortunes still
Cease not to persecute.———

ANTONIO.

———You may command
My services—I know her virtuous mind;
I know her soul's superior to the lot
The adverse stars have destin'd her.———

AMELIA.

———The tale
Of her increas'd afflictions must reveal
Some of the sorrows of this troubled house.

ANTONIO.

Can sorrow lift her footsteps then so high?

AMELIA.

Shame scarce permits the tale:—the governor
Hath look'd upon the girl with impious eyes;
My mother's heart is fir'd with jealousy;
And for our household peace, poor Laura's fate
Is pre-determin'd:—she must leave this land;
It will be mov'd to Calaban or you
To take her hence:—if so, protect the maid,
That when this folly of my father's mind
Subsides, I may redeem her, and again
Extend some consolation to her woes.

ANTONIO.

It is not safe to trust her to the hands
Of that nefarious wretch, whose brutal sense
Of female character is odious.
If she's consign'd to me, I'll place her safe
In some secure retreat, whence you may call
Your Laura at your pleasure.——

AMELIA (*Starts.*)

——That's the voice
Of my enraged father; we'll retire. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter JEROME and his freedman ZANGÆ.

JEROME.

Thus foil'd by weak and whining women too,
Exceeds all patience.——

ZANGÆ.

——Thence, what would my lord?

JEROME.

I know Teresa's Spanish pride's on fire,
And jealousy will fan the subtle flame:
To try t'appease her mind, and save the slave
From her vindictive temper, is in vain.
Watch thou their steps.——

ZANGÆ.

——Attentively.——

JEROME.

——Contrive

To sound their purpose:—if the angry dame
Attempt to banish Laura, or exchange,
(For nothing's difficult to such proud minds)
Raise such immediate force as may suffice
To rescue her, and in some secret hold
Secure her, till you know my further will.

ZANGÆ.

I will fulfil your wish.——

JEROME.

——You to your charge,
I to the council-house:—this little trust
Shall not go unrewarded.

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Scene the Court before the Senate-house.

Enter ANTONIO and the MOOR.

M O O R.

SUCH is the subtlety of this man's mind,
That to disarm me of my chief pretext,
As he conceives, on an appeal to justice,
He has restor'd me these habiliments;
But with rapacious hand has torn from thence
Those ensigns which my injuries explain;
The evidence which might maintain my cause,
My tablets, in whose records stood enroll'd
My country and my name.—

A N T O N I O.

—Will you decline
The application which you had design'd,
And trust to Pembroke's ransoming?—

M O O R.

—I think
'Twere better to try both.

A N T O N I O.

—I wait your will.

M O O R.

If from the force of truth I might prevail,
If Heaven should send some unforeseen relief,
Or move by secret influence the minds
Of those whom we address, more honour stands
Confess'd than when the price that liberates
The meanest son of slavery obtains
The indiscriminate effect.—

A N T O N I O.

—Behold,

The council sits,—draw near and make thy plea.
The back scene opens, and discovers the governor and dele-
gates of the province in council: several planters, CAL-
ABAN and others, attending.

The MOOR approaches, making obeisance after the fashion
of his country.

M O O R.

With sacred awe and pious reverence
 This high tribunal I approach ; I'm told
 Here Heaven's vicegerents sitting to dispense,
 As secondary causes, wise decrees,
 Will judge my complaints, and my petition hear:
 If justice holds a balance that defies
 All undue influence, and pois'd aloft
 Preponderates alone to truth, report
 Will not have trifled with my miseries.
 Behold the victim of an adverse fate
 Bends with humility before the seat
 Of government, and tho' an African,
 Craves for the common benefit of laws
 That scorn partiality——

J E R O M E.

——Proceed to state

The grievances you hope we may redress:
 Justice and right humanity's great cause
 Are not confin'd to subjects of this land,
 But from the jurisprudence of the state
 Are equally the claim of all mankind.

M O O R.

Brought here by force, and from my country torn,
 By one who steer'd his vessel to our coasts;
 Depriv'd of property, and suff'ring ills
 Which shock the human ear in their detail;
 Should he not shew on what pretence of right
 He perpetrates such deeds?——

J E R O M E.

——Call forth the man.

1st C O U N S E L.

Wherefore do you detain the Moor?

C A L A B A N.

——I bought

The slave.——

M O O R.

——'Tis false.——

THE PRINCESS

2d COUNSEL.

——Your supercargo call
To prove the fact.——

CALABAN.

——If you hold out this law,
The trade is much in jeopardy; each slave
May controvert the truth, and call for proofs
The navigator never thought to have.

JEROME.

Was this man gain'd by private sale, or came
Promiscuously with other slaves?——

CALABAN.

——Alone.

1st COUNSEL.

Have you no witnesses?——

CALABAN.

——If such I had,
I would not for the fatal precedent
Produce them here.——

2d COUNSEL.

——Where is the supercargo?——

ANTONIO.

I know not whence, or how he was obtain'd;
When first I saw him, on the deck he lay,
Benumb'd, and totally depriv'd of sense,
By some most powerful dose of opiate;
His garb uncommon led me to enquire
Concerning him, but no intelligence
Was gain'd.——

JEROME.

——What sayest thou?

MOOR.

——Your patient ear
Must hear captivity's unhappy tale;
As little hope depends on passions mov'd,
The influence I seek is truth.——

1st COUNSEL.

——To facts,
And not to flow'ry phrase, confine your plea.

M O O R.

The former year, by some rapacious bands,
 (A roving tribe that rang'd the forest's skirts
 In search of captives to supply the trade
 Which Europeans hold) the scatter'd tents
 Of princes hunting, and by females held,
 Were sack'd and pillag'd, and the families
 Were driven to the shores, and sold for slaves.
 Of them a maid, whom love had made my own,
 And sacred rites had form'd our union:
 This sad catastrophe I much had mourn'd,
 And, tho' despair possess'd my aching heart,
 In th' ensuing season I came down
 To Niger's banks, and pass'd the friendly states
 With slender equipage, not fearing ill;
 That if enquiry might my grief allay,
 And I could learn where the dear maid was gone,
 I might redeem her.——

J E R O M E.

——What ensu'd?

M O O R.

——I brought

Some gems of price, gold dust, and ivory,
 To influence such navigators hearts
 As might be there.——

1st C O U N C I L.

——An influence, 'tis true,

But often misapply'd——

M O O R.

——It was my fate

To meet a foe like aligator bred,
 Amphibious, whose savage love of prey
 Alike by land or water rag'd:—I told
 My anxious tale with tears,—and might have wept
 Unto some statue cut of Parian stone
 And rais'd as much emotion:—for his heart
 Nor felt compassion, nor compunction's touch;
 But from my tent deluding with such cates
 As his pernicious cookery prepar'd

F

In specious friendship and for banquet gay,
I drank a poison that straight reach'd my brain,
And lock'd up ev'ry sense in mimic death;
Then seizing on my treasures, seizing too
My wretched person :—you behold the man!

JEROME.

What says the captain?—

CALABAN.

——All the tale is false;
And frantic with his sorrows, here he raves
Of objects which a being never knew.

JEROME.

How was the gold and ivory bestow'd?

MOOR.

We touch'd at many places in our voyage.

1st COUNSEL.

Did you dispose of merchandise?—

ANTONIO.

——We did;

The captain too of ivory and gems.

JEROME.

What territory did you leave,—or whom
Shall we believe you are?—

MOOR.

——My lords, my birth

Was of Cassana, and my station there
Superior :—to talk of dignities

Would ill besit my fortune thus revers'd.

Look on the clasp that girds my turban's front,

Where stands engraven the illustrious names

Of the bright sun that rules the golden day;

On every stud, the characters of stars

That fill the firmament;—my pedigree

They note.—

JEROME.

——Is here an African to prove

One fact insisted on?—

MOOR.

——Without a friend

You see the suffering Moor :—if that great eye

Of nature, where the radiant seraph sits
 Dispensing God's benevolence, could pierce
 The stubborn heart of man with rays divine,
 There need not evidence.—

JEROME.

——Was Zangæ here,
 He'd give some information.—

1st COUNSEL.

——See the man
 Entranc'd and prostrate!—

JEROME.

——What occasion moves
 This veneration?—

ZANGÆ.

——I behold my prince,
 The great Manzara; of Cassena's realm
 The mighty potentate; a thousand states
 Surround his throne, and to his sceptre bow.

MANZARA.

Who is it owns Manzara?—

ZANGÆ.

——E'en a Moor
 From Africa estrang'd, who once obey'd
 Thy sov'reignty, and gloried in the name
 Of vassal in Cassena's wealthy land.

MANZARA.

Thou knowest then the titles that I bear.

ZANGÆ.

The names inscrib'd are of thy ancestors,
 Whom the prophetic priests in origin
 Deduc'd from the bless'd Sun, whose daughters fair
 Rule each a star in heaven, whilst you on earth
 Know not the limits of your vast domain.

MANZARA.

Look on that scymeter, and read aloud.

ZANGÆ.

" May the Supreme with great Manzara walk,
 " Whose mighty kingdoms neither Cancer girds,
 " Nor Capricorn with tropic limit bounds."

THE PRINCESS

1st COUNSEL.

The evidence is singular,——

MANZARA.

——The light

Of heaven prevails!—the servants of the Sun

Descend to bless the intellectual mind,

And bring forth holy truth!——

JEROME.

——So very clear

The case, and the discovery so strange,

We cannot hesitate to liberate

The injur'd prince;—and henceforth you are free.

MANZARA.

I reverence at once your happy laws,

And the just dispensation that's display'd.

Thanks are indignities to your high trust;

For to such sentence, thanks would but prescribe

The bounds of bounty; whilst the center form'd

By justice is without perimeter.

To prove my mind's not heated for revenge,

The chief possession of the earth regain'd—

My liberty; my goods esteem'd as trash

I yield to his possession:—to the Gods

That brought about this wonderful event

I give the rest; vindictive power is theirs.

Exeunt Governor, Council, &c. &c.

ZANGÆ kneels.

Look on poor Zangæ, on your humble slave,

Whose most ambitious wish could never soar

To such exalted duty, or his hope

Conceive this glorious service, that he should

Redeem his prince.

MANZARA.

——Arise, my faithful friend;

If thou wilt henceforth my misfortunes share,

Thou shalt be in my bosom as the gift

Of Heaven, by miracle dispos'd to save

Cassana's captive lord.——

ZANGA.

——By strongest bonds
Of gratitude I serve the governor.
If he—'tis more than I may ask!—my heart
Is rent with woe, whilst duty holds my stay;
For if I follow not my prince, my soul's
In grief:—and if my lord I should forsake,
As faithless,—I should thence unworthy grow.

MANZARA.

Hereafter I will move it:—still remain
In that distinguish'd service; to his ear,
As the occasion serves, to speak of me;
And thence facilitate my measures here.
Didst thou e'er know Zanfara's beauteous maid?

ZANGA.

'Tis now five years since I became a slave;
I knew her not.—— (retires.)

MANZARA.

——Go and remember me. (Exit Zanga.)

ANTONIO.

Warmer congratulations I could give
Were Pembroke here.——

MANZARA.

——From this first great event
Much force will be deriv'd; he'll never dare
To injure me.—But as precaution's safe,
Let us look after him; there's no success
Attends delay: I wish to hire a ship
To carry me again to Gambia's streams;
There's danger always in a foreign state.

ANTONIO.

Our thoughts still correspond, let us move on. *Exeunt*

Enter JEROME and PEMBROKE.

PEMBROKE.

Much secrecy is not requir'd, the fact
Already is too public;—th' alarm
Affects the planters much: conspiracy
Has been discover'd, and a double guard
In some plantations now is necessary.

JEROME.

What cause to charge Manzara with the crime?

PEMBROKE.

His name is gone abroad; some slaves were brought
From his dominions, and he oft was seen
In secret converse, pleading earnestly
With much gesticulation.—

JEROME.

———To receive

Such vague report and information void
Of proof will not induce the legislative power
To interfere.—There is a dignity
In this much-injur'd man that proves itself;
Such perspicuity in all his phrase,
As shews an erudition none but those
Of the first consequence could e'er attain:
We are not left to doubt his high estate;
From a full sense of those base injuries
He has sustain'd, we gave him liberty;
And now to charge him with such heinous crimes
Against the state, is singular.—

PEMBROKE.

———'Twas I

That pledg'd his ransom to relieve his chains;
'Twas I that mov'd him to his late appeal;
And is it possible, without a cause,
I should accuse the man whom I espous'd?

JEROME.

The circumstance appears to me so dark,
That I distrust what I can't comprehend.

PEMBROKE.

I hate the name of slavery, and aid
Emancipation by all powerful means:
But whilst humanity promotes one cause,
Another it preserves,—my country's weal:
When I discover'd that this bosom held
So treacherous a thought as mutiny
Among the slaves, and in its consequence
Subversion of the government, and spoil

Of individuals, I straightway turn'd
Attention to his plots, and found him out.

JEROME.

How found him out?—

PEMBROKE.

——I held his confidence,
And when he had enlarg'd on golden dreams,
And promises of Afric's wealth, he own'd
Revenge rag'd in his heart; a wish to gain
Retaliation for his country's woes,
And to let loose a bloody hand,—t'appease
The horror which he saw impress me deep,
He talk'd of vast rewards.—

JEROME.

——In consequence

Of confidence like this, would'st thou impeach,
On the mere strength of thy veracity,
This stranger prince?—

PEMBROKE.

——If justice should require,
The deepest secret of my bosom yields
To public good.—But see, Horatio comes,
Perhaps he bears yet more important truths.

HORATIO enters.

JEROME.

Are your slaves peaceable?—

HORATIO.

——I am in fear;
They gather in cabals, and sullen seem,
Working reluctantly.—

JEROME.

——But are there grounds
To doubt conspiracy?—

HORATIO.

——My spies report
That some strange faction has possess'd their minds;
Their priests exhort with vehemence; and oft
They sing the war-song, and they hail their prince,
Whom they rejoice is landed on our coast.

THE PRINCESS

JEROME.

This may alarm:—but have you cause to charge
Manzara as a secret instrument,
Or as the object of the people's joy?

HORATIO.

I have inquir'd; my spies know not his name.

MARTINO *enters.*

We must intreat the aid of government,
Ten thousand slaves now threaten a revolt;
Through my plantation strange commotions reign,
And all my trusty servants fly to arms.
Perhaps upon assembling of the troops,
This ferment may subside.

HORATIO.

—If not suppress'd—

With an immediate hand, none can foresee
The fatal consequence a night may bring.

JEROME.

What cause appears?—

MARTINO.

—We have discover'd none.

JEROME.

I shall convene the council.— (*Planters retire*)

PEMBROKE.

—Thus you see

Th' intelligence is prov'd by circumstance.
Were it not best to put the Moor in chains?

JEROME.

It may be necessary.—

PEMBROKE.

—If th' offence

On full investigation is disprov'd,
He'll stand discharg'd: and no great injury
Sustaining, may depart:—but when compar'd,
The consequences fear'd, with his arrest,
The latter's light as air.—

JEROME.

—I stand convinc'd,

The project's right.—

P E M B R O K E.

—There's of his nation here
More than your Zangæ now at liberty;
For as we loiter'd in the shady grove
Adjacent to your palace, where the rock
Is sculptur'd with mysterious characters.——

J E R O M E.

My heart's alarm'd?—— (*aside.*)

P E M B R O K E.

—And whilst he stood and wept,
He told me, in an agony of mind,
That there he read a history of woe.

J E R O M E.

He read!——

P E M B R O K E.

—The gravings of familiar mode.

J E R O M E.

My passions are on fire.—— (*aside.*)

P E M B R O K E.

—And when his mind
Was all absorb'd, forgetting I was there,
He kneel'd, and in an extacy grief,
Thrice call'd aloud, in his own dialect,
Jaqueena!——

J E R O M E.

—Ha!——

P E M B R O K E.

—As if he would invoke
Some demon, and the fiends of Africa:

J E R O M E.

I have let loose the eagle to destroy
The firstlings of my flock!—— (*aside.*)

P E M B R O K E.

—I touch his soul;
That was the boldest spring I had to move,
I must not overstrain it.—— (*aside.*)

J E R O M E.

—You advise
To put the Moor in durance?——

THE PRINCESS

PEMBROKE.

—True, I do.

JEROME.

Proceed then to enquire into the facts,
 That justice strictly be administer'd. (*Exit Pembroke.*)
 This is a foe I never once had fear'd;
 Jaqueena is the maid whom he laments,
 For whom he lost his liberty:—To him,
 Or to a legion of the Negro tribe,
 I'll not resign her:—for my heart is her's;
 Nor Spanish pride, nor Afric's haughty sons,
 Shall from my anxious bosom wrest the maid.

ZANGA enters.

My lord, the plot is laid; and to the hands
 Of Calaban, poor Laura's doom'd to pass:
 Some island of the Indies is agreed
 To be her place of bondage:—I have learnt
 The hour of their departure.

JEROME.

—Then take care

To have the necessary means prepar'd,
 Not only of her safety, but to bear
 Her to my distant villa with all speed,
 There wait my coming.

ZANGA.

—Trusty slaves attend

To execute your will.

JEROME.

—My confidence

Is plac'd in thee. (*Exit Zanga.*)

—The Moor shall lose his hopes,
 Teresa her revenge; and if my power
 Serves not to gratify my will in this,
 There's no superiority is worth
 The labours that attend on government.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Scene, the Groves adjoining the Governor's Palace.

Enter JEROME and ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

YOU are deceiv'd and trifled with,—the prince
Has a sublimity of mind, superior
To stratagems like these.——

JEROME.

——It was a charge
So grounded, and the facts established
By proofs so strong, I could not hesitate
To send him into durance, till we heard
The slaves were peaceful, and the tumult hush'd.

ANTONIO.

There was no tumult.——

JEROME.

——All Martino's slaves
Had mutinied.——

ANTONIO.

——There never was more peace
Than at the instant;—not a voice was heard
Through the plantation.——

JEROME.

——And Horatio's men
Caball'd, refus'd to labour, and had sung
The war-song.——

ANTONIO.

——All a fiction,—all is false;
A tale just calculated to reduce the price
Of my imported cargo, by advice
Of Pembroke, to affect the planters minds
With terror, and prevent their bargaining
In times of pressing danger.——

JEROME.

——Both gave proof
In charge against Manzara.——

THE PRINCESS

A N T O N I O.

——I repeat

You were abus'd; they knew not why he brought
 Them hither, but propos'd such tale to them,
 For the base purpose, I declare, they knew
 No tittle of the charge against the prince:
 Read there,—they certify the fact.— (*gives a paper.*)

J E R O M E.

——Good Heav'n

Protect us from such wiles!—what could induce
 The villain to these practices?——

A N T O N I O.

——A hope

Of robbing the afflicted prisoner,
 Avoiding justice, and escaping hence;
 With such a booty as his avarice
 Could not resist:—Integrity
 Is a mere outside semblance he assumes,
 To mask a soul replete with darkest fraud,

J E R O M E,

I know not what's alluded to.——

A N T O N I O,

——A fact,

Will strike you with abhorrence;—having plac'd
 Much confidence in this perfidious wretch,
 He to his care entrusted a rich gem,
 By which he might his ransom and return
 Obtain;—in order, with impunity,
 To rob the captive stranger he procur'd
 First, his imprisonment by a false charge,
 Then got on board a ship prepar'd to sail
 For Spain.——

J E R O M E.

——My soul is griev'd,—I've been deceiv'd,
 And to sad inadvertencies betray'd,

A N T O N I O.

Which soon may be retriev'd.——

J E R O M E.

——There is my doubt,

ANTONIO.

The prince may be restor'd to liberty.

JEROME.

My heart is now with much compunction smote.

ANTONIO.

What moves you thus?—

JEROME.

—Proceed—did he escape?

ANTONIO.

Hearing of these transactions, and inform'd
Of the great trust, I got an officer
To go on board and seize the treacherous knave,
Just as the sails were bent, and tide had serv'd
To carry him to sea.—

JEROME.

—With equal speed

Send to the prison, and release the Moor.

ANTONIO.

Your Zangæ comes this way.— (*Zangæ enters.*)

JEROME.

—'Tis opportune,

Haste and release the Moor,—if yet he lives. (*Exit Zangæ.*)

ANTONIO.

Is there a doubt?—You wound my tortur'd soul!—
Is there a fear?—

JEROME.

—But of the precious gem?

ANTONIO.

For the poor prince I'm all anxiety.

JEROME.

What the event?—

ANTONIO.

—The man, suspecting not
That I was privy to the trust, retain'd
The stone, nor try'd to hide his purpos'd fraud
By throwing it in the sea; on search,
We found it in his bosom:—evidence
Sufficient to the magistrate appear'd
To cast him into prison;—see the price

Of his iniquity. (*produces the jewel*) My heart's dis-
I tremble for the Moor!— [tress'd,

J E R O M E.

———To this dread charge
The villain wrought upon my guilty mind,
With such insinuations of the love
Manzara entertain'd or had avow'd
For Laura, and his purpose to withdraw
The maid from hence;—that——

A N T O N I O.

———The fair interest
Which Laura claims in her Manzara's breast,
Might warrant all that Pembroke could devise;
But she is ignorant,—so is the Moor,
That they're so near a wish'd-for intercourse.

J E R O M E.

My conscience is disturb'd;—I own my crimes,
And wish that retribution could be had:
The guilty passions were inflam'd with love,
Unlawful as it was;—my jealousy
Was basely rous'd,—and vengeance fill'd my mind:
Under pretext of service to the state,
By my removing an obnoxious Moor,
Who would an insurrection have stir'd up
Among the slaves,—I sent my mandate forth.

A N T O N I O.

What was its tenor?—for I dread the blow.

J E R O M E.

That in the prison they should strangle him.

A N T O N I O.

Oh horrid cruelty!—Oh innocence
That suffers mighty woes!—A captive here,
Drag'd from his country, and a diadem!
By Calaban ensnar'd,—and now betray'd
To death!—What dreadful crimes we perpetrate!
And yet the vengeance of offended Heaven
Is long with-held?——

J E R O M E.

(*Looking out.*)——Oh! Zanga comes alone.

Then he is dead!—

JEROME.

—And on my guilty head
The blood of innocence is fall'n.—

ANTONIO.

(Looking out.) —Rejoice,
And be exceeding glad!—he comes, he comes!

Enter MANZARA and ZANGA.

JEROME to ZANGA.

Haste to your charge;—and mark me, only watch
Their purpose, and attend my further will.

ZANGA.

The people I have station'd.—

JEROME.

—Get thee hence.

(Exit Zanga.)

MANZARA.

So long inur'd to injury and chains,
Methinks, the powers of Heaven have so decreed
They are my lot for life!—What further woes
Would you inflict?—behold your victim stands
To hear the judgment you'll again pronounce.
I have no more than life itself to lose!
By men of your complexion, whose cold souls
Are frozen up in ice, I lost my realm,
My wife, my country, and my liberty!
Now to accomplish all, spare not the poor
Vile remnant of possession, spare it not!
But send this soul to join my ancestors,
Who hover for me on the mountain's top!
Where is the executioner?—be quick,
For I am weary, and would be at rest.

JEROME.

Not to increase thy injuries or woes,
But to redress them, art thou brought.—

MANZARA.

—I heard

A voice say, "thou hast liberty," and straight
The shackles of a slave were taken off:

No sooner I possess'd the sacred bliss,
Than I endur'd the manacles prepar'd
For criminals:—so momentary prove
The smiles of fortune in Manzara's fate!

—JEROME.

With my own hands I take these fetters off;
And in my arms, with cordial embrace,
Insure thee of protection.—

ANTONIO.

—It's with grief
The governor perceives how multiply'd
Were your misfortunes, and his gracious heart
Is warm'd to do you service.—

JEROME.

Confident

I need not doubt thy faith, this scymeter's
Restor'd; an ornament, for no rude cause
Will urge thee to its use.

MANZARA.

I bless the gods

This happy change takes place! perhaps once more
Cassana's distant land I may behold!

ANTONIO.

To heighten this new prospect of your peace,
Behold the gem regain'd.

MANZARA.

I fear the change

(So rapid a transition) is not built
On stable ground-work!—If my gracious lord
Will lend assistance for our hiring hence
A vessel to Great Britain's wealthy isle,
Where an illustrious king, as the broad sun,
Shines forth amidst the council of the stars
To animate the world, dispenses round
The influence of wisdom; thence we'll learn
Sage maxims for our government, and safe
Pass to Cassana's lov'd and mourning land:
You'll thence repay me richly for the woes
I have sustain'd within your territories.

JEROME.

I joy to give you pleasure; to your wish
 I'll give all aid; a passage shall be gain'd
 For England.——— (Exit Jerome.)

MANZARA.

———Sure the frowns of angry fate
 Begin to dissipate!———

ANTONIO.

———What means that noise,
 Those seamen in such rage?———

MANZARA.

———New dangers rise
 To crowd the motley character of life,
 Manzara suffers!———to the Governor,
 (laying his hand on his sword.)
 For this fast friend, unnumber'd thanks are due.

ANTONIO.

In conflict with the Governor's own slaves,
 Headed by Zangæ:—hark!—those female cries!
*A party of sailors under Calaban, come skirmishing on to
 the stage, with a number of Negro servants headed by
 Zangæ,—Calaban dragging Laura.*

MANZARA.

Did I not think Jaqueena was in heaven,
 I should believe the hapless victim she
 Whom the vile monster holds:—her semblance fires
 My soul, and for her sake I'll not permit
 The rape;—desist, thou miscreant, or feel
 The vengeance of my arm!———

CALABAN.

———Come on, and try
 Thy valour, and my rage.———
*They engage, Manzara drives him off the stage, and the
 seamen retreat.*

Enter AMELIA.

———Led by the cries
 Of some afflicted female—Oh, my Laura!

H

THE PRINCESS

LAURA *sinks into her arms.*

L A U R A.

Tremendous was the spectacle!—from Heaven
Descended my deliverer, the prince!
Cassana's lord!—my husband!—overcome
With such astonishment, I scarce retain
The breath of life, but faint and giddy grown,
Must sink into thy bosom.—

A M E L I A.

——Wonderful

Is all thy story! but if this event
Be as thou wouldst imagine, Heaven will end
Thy griefs.—

MANZARA *enters, holding the head of CALABAN
by the hair.*

——To the incensed manes of my fire,
To the blest spirits of Zanfara's house,
And first to thee Jaqueena, who in Heaven
Looks down approving this my just revenge,
I offer up the sacrifice!—(*Gazing on JAQUEENA as she
lies fainting in the arms of AMELIA.*)

——Ye stars!

Are not my senses in delusion lost?
Do not my eyes on some bright vision look,
That represents her sweet angelic form? (*kneels.*)
Thou seraph! daughter of the golden day!
Awake, and bless me with thy conscious gaze!

L A U R A.

Should I escape that monster Calaban,
More brutal, more unfeeling than the wolf;
If yet the Governor desists from wiles,
And my poor virtue—all that I possess,
Is spar'd,—that holy spirits may not turn away
The face abash'd, and from their realms of light
Expel and thrust me forth.—

M A N Z A R A.

——Where wanders thus
Her recollection? yet, she knows me not

L A U R A.

If my Manzara, in his gracious arms,
 Shall lift me to the grave—I die content!
 And sure his vision blest my swimming eyes,
 Or play'd upon my fancy with delight! (*gazing on him.*)
 —My judgment is so shaken, that I know
 Not what, or where I am!—

M A N Z A R A.

—Behold, my queen,
 The gracious spirits that prevail on earth
 Transported me beyond our hemisphere,
 That I might save my better part, my love,
 And give her back to Africa and joy.

A M E L I A.

Look where Manzara kneels:—alas! through grief
 A frenzy has derang'd her gentle mind!
 For yet she recollects not!—

L A U R A (*gazing on Manzara.*)

—What sad woes
 Hath my poor heart endur'd!—I lost my love!
 And with these eyes beheld the tragic scene,
 Where my dear mother with her infant fell,
 And welter'd in their gore!—my brother dy'd
 Within these trembling arms in agonies!
 Snatch'd from my country, I'm become a slave,
 The prey of tyranny and lust!—'tis he!
 I know his godlike features!—I behold
 The great the good Manzara:—On thy breast
 Let me expire with joy!— (*flies into his arms.*)

J E R O M E *enters.*

—Where is the Moor?
 My servants have done well:—a vessel waits
 To carry him from hence:—the sails unfurl'd,
 The winds blow fair, and Heaven propitious smiles.

M A N Z A R A.

Yes!—Heaven now smiles in my Jaqueena's eyes!
 And all past sorrows are extinguish'd
 In this vast flood of joy!—

THE PRINCESS

L A U R A.

——But see,—he comes
To claim his property!——

A N T O N I O.

——He comes, dear maid,
To give your hand to your beloved lord,
And bless your wishes.——

J E R O M E.

——With abundant joy,
I yield you to the prince; and pray to Heaven,
That in the little services I pay,
I may atone for those sad injuries
To which I have too much contributed.——

Z A N G Æ.

Zangæ must suffer yet a living death!
Sever'd once more from his most gracious king;
Deny'd his native land, become more dear
By wishes thus renew'd.

J E R O M E.

If the good prince
Requests thy services, I will resign
My faithful Zangæ, that a wish of his
May not be unaccomplish'd.

M A N Z A R A.

You o'erpower
My gratitude.

L A U R A.

My lord—these tides of joy
Exceed my strength—(*pointing to the seat by the rock.*)
There let me rest awhile,
Where oft I sat to weep, and worshipped
The kindred spirits, whose beloved names
I sculptur'd on the rock.

M A N Z A R A.

——Your fainting eye
Distracts me, and cold apprehensions chill
My heart.——

L A U R A.

My joy had swept from memory

The most afflicting sorrows of my soul;
I still have much to tell of misery.

MANZARA.

When we are thus restor'd to liberty!
When hope, with wing than lightning yet more swift,
Anticipates the sight of Afric's shores,
And Heaven, that heard our vows, protects our love.

LAURA.

My heart grows sick—my eye's obscur'd by mists,
And darkness and confusion cloud my mind.
Oh my Amelia!—Fate has cruel been,
And unrelenting!—

MANZARA.

—What of grief remains?

AMELIA.

Your tears distress me deeply!—wherefore weep?
Manzara lives, and you have liberty!

LAURA.

Draw near, beloved prince,—and let me pour
My woes into thy soul!—Oh! hear the tale
That disappoints my joys,—and pity me!

MANZARA.

Most holy Heavens! what sorrows yet exist
To aggrandize the griefs I have endur'd?

LAURA.

Well knowing that Teresa's jealousy
Would soon expose me to some cruel change,
And melancholy having seiz'd my mind,
For long I thought Manzara lost to me,
I straight determin'd to avoid the fate
Of falling into Calaban's rude hands,
Nor yet submit to the impiety
Which mov'd the Governor:—the wretched world
Had lost all joys, and hope her sportive wing,
That us'd the youthful fancy oft to charm
With visions soft as sweet.—

AMELIA.

—Why cease you there,
And leave us in this anxious suspense?

L A U R A.

The tardy floods of life forget to flow;
I faint.——

M A N Z A R A.

——Assist ye spirits of the air!
And with refreshing breath of Heav'n renew
Her strength.——

L A U R A.

——Manzara! oh much lov'd lord!
From whose dear image fancy never stray'd;
Imprest upon this heart thy character,
Which love conceiv'd, nor day nor night remov'd:
Thou wert the vision of my happiest dream,
And in the gloom of the detested cell,
As o'er the vast Atlantic we were borne,
And when America her slave receiv'd,
Thou held my thoughts, and all my wishes fill'd!
But hope was fled, and black despair was come;
Whilst death alone held out a saving hand:
Rash was the deed, and hapless it has prov'd,
(The gods condemn my want of confidence)
The poison, which my bracelet long conceal'd,
Was——

A M E L I A.

——Horrible, and heart distracting tale!

M A N Z A R A.

Then all my wish'd-for happiness is fled,
And launch'd again upon the stormy sea
Of wretchedness, new fortunes I must try;
Pleasures sweet prospects Africa has lost!
Manzara is undone!

A M E L I A.

Haste for assistance, Zangæ,—med'cine
May yet relieve——

L A U R A.

——Impossible!
The bane is of such subtle quality,
Compounded by Zanfara's wisest dames,
It scorns repelling powers!—the hand of death

Lies heavy on my heart;—and every nerve
Aches with convulsion.——

ANTONIO.

——Her approaching fate
Precipitates!——

MANZARA.

——Oh misery extreme!

All the monition's lost, which thy fair hand
Inscrib'd upon the rocks, that might have led
To thy discovery and sav'd despair!
There Pembroke too deceiv'd!—and I, employ'd
Too much on selfish views, neglected those
That should have sav'd us both!—but 'tis too late!

LAURA.

Whilst there is life, indulge me with thy gaze,
That my departing soul, replete with love,
May bear thy image to the latest breath,
E'er I shall pass to Heaven!——

Zangæ returns with Physicians.

ANTONIO.

——Assistance comes

Too late!——

MANZARA.

——Alas! she faints!—she dies!—tis done!

AMELIA.

And all our wishes disappointment blights!

JEROME.

Like some blest saint who confident in God
Refuses earth one groan!——

MANZARA.

——Do I neglect

The great example, and stay lingering here,
Sustaining such extremity of woe?

JEROME.

If ever more authority I shew,
It is to wrest thee from this sad despair. (*seizes his arm.*)

ANTONIO.

To save much rashness let thy slave receive
This scymeter, yet stain'd with mortal deeds.

(*Zangæ removes the sword.*)

THE PRINCESS

MANZARA.
I know not what to do!—Oh sweet remains,
Adieu!—a long adieu!—If you retain (to Antonio.)
Compassion for my woes, embalm the corpse,
That Africa may yet receive its own.—
We must depart,—must tear ourselves from hence,

(to Jerome.)
The scene of so much terror and distress!
Zangæ shall be the partner of my tears:
Tho' seas may shake the helm,—tho' adverse winds
May hang upon the dilatory sail;
Perhaps relenting fates will yet retain
Some pity for the Moor,—that he may land
On native shores,—and there erect on high
A monument, that shall command the hearts
Of our posterity (whilst man exists)
To an abhorrence of the Trade in Slaves.

F I N I S.

